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This Number contains the following Special Articles :

GERMANY'S WORLD-WARNING:

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI'S LATEST.

(Specially Translated and hitherto unpublished.)

THE LITTLE NATIONS: By F. G. AFLALO.

AN OPEN LETTER TO KING ALBERT.

IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON IN WAR TIME

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Notes of the Week

The Fall of Antwerp

ANTWERP has to be added to the triumphs of the German Army. It fell on Friday last week after an experience which those who lived through the days when the German shells rained an inferno upon the city are not likely soon to forget. The forts were as matchwood before the monstrous siege guns, and once they were broken down it would have been purposeless martyrdom to attempt to hold the city. Among the defenders were 8,000 British troops, made up of Marines and two Naval Brigades. The main body managed to get away successfully with their guns, but 2,000 of the naval men, with some 3,000 Belgians, were cut off; they entered Dutch territory and laid down their arms. The majority of the inhabitants had fled. Hence the Germans have taken Antwerp, but they have captured only the shell of the beautiful city. It is an achievement that inflicts further humiliation on Belgium, but serves no serious strategic object. What it really does is to release the Belgian forces for co-operation with the French and British in more important fields. All the talk of its being a pistol at the head of England is about as practical as the German imposition of an indemnity of £20,000,000 on citizens who have vanished with most of their treasures. Probably the Germans thought they would deflect the Allies from their positions elsewhere, but the Allies have shown throughout a better appreciation of the essential than have the incomparable war lords. The Germans so far have done nothing right either strategically or morally.

The General Situation

Sharp criticism—well or ill found, as we shall know in due time—is passed in certain quarters on the participation of the British in the futile defence of Antwerp. Was Mr. Churchill responsible? It is believed he was. If so, his responsibility is great, and his intervention has been equally unfortunate and disquieting. Amateur strategists in office are a greater menace than amateur strategists in the Press. With the fall of the city, the Belgian Government and forces have wisely retired to France. The Belgian Government are now installed at Havre, and the Belgian forces will be able to render valuable assistance in the lines of the Allies. By retiring they have probably saved Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend from the fate of Louvain and Termonde. The general position of the French and British forces seems quite satisfactory, though no very material advance has yet been made, except north towards the coast. The Germans have made strenuous efforts to break through, but have been foiled at all points. What is happening in Galicia and Poland is even more difficult to determine. Both Russians and Germans claim victory on the same field; we are inclined to believe the Russians. Elsewhere events may shortly have an influence on the situation. Italy is finding it more and more difficult to keep clear, if, indeed, she desires to, and the death of the King of Roumania has removed a striking personality whose influence was thrown into the scales against taking the anti-German side. Germany will derive comfort from the treachery of Maritz in South Africa, but the only effect of the affair will be to throw the loyalty of the Dutch into sharp relief.

The Super-Nation

Much as we have had of von Bernhardi of late, we have had nothing quite as revealing as the book from which we publish a first series of extracts this week. It undoubtedly embodies the German idea that in this twentieth century Germany is the Super-Nation, and that if the day of France and Great Britain is not over then it must be the business of Germany to end it or, at most, to permit them to live on sufferance. To the accomplishment of this genial purpose, honour and humanity alike are cast to the winds. Machiavelli never preached the Gospel of Duplicity more unblushingly, and even he suggested that princes should find lawful pretence to justify breach of promise. Germany flouts any such subtleties. She boldly declares brute strength the only sanction, and as she believes that Britain and France are spent forces, the time has come when the virile Pan-German should supersede both. And this is the message we get to-day, as Mr. J. B. Burke has reminded us, from the country of Goethe and Schiller and Heine. We ought really to thank Bernhardi and his friends for putting matters so bluntly. It is a pity we did not lend them ear a little earlier.

"Academy" Dum-dum

We understand there is some ground for believing that the Zeppelins have been inflated with gas supplied by Kaiser, Kultur and Ko.

Germany's World-Warning

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI'S LATEST.

TRANSLATED BY J. ELLIS BARKER.

I.

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI, one of the most eminent German Generals, is known in this country chiefly by his book, "Germany and the Next War." This work appeared in October, 1911, and it has the disadvantage of being somewhat abstract, dry, and scientific in tone. It was followed in the autumn of 1912 by a shorter, more popular, and more outspoken work entitled "Unsere Zukunft, ein Mahnwort an das deutsche Volk" ("Our Future; a Word of Warning to the German Nation"). Being a more popular, cheaper, and more forceful work, it had a far larger circulation in Germany than "Germany and the Next War," and it exercised a proportionately greater influence in shaping public opinion. As the later and stronger book of Bernhardt's is unknown in this country, it seems worth while translating some of the more important passages for the benefit of British readers:—

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS ARE BASED ON FORCE.

The relations among nations are dominated by an unceasing struggle for territories, power and predominance, and the question of right is, as a rule, respected only if the consideration of right is advantageous. While within a State relations between man and man are regulated by law, no similar force exists among the society of States, for they possess neither a common law nor a supreme central authority which adjusts their differences. Hence, if irreconcilable differences arise between nations, the decision must be left to war, which alone can prevent wrong, and furnish a nation possessed of stray vitality with the necessities of existence.

It is clear that the decisive factor in all negotiations is always the existing, and therefore effective, power of the State. Hence it is most important for every State which desires to maintain its position among the nations, and to increase its sphere of influence, to develop its effective means of applying force, to strengthen its army, its navy, and its finances. At the same time, it is at least as important to increase in every possible way the mental and moral forces of the nation. Greater mental and moral forces may act as a set-off to the greater material forces which a possible opponent may bring into the field. The progress of civilisation and the increase of armaments must go hand in hand. Only then can the highest efficiency be obtained. It is by far the most important task of a modern State to make its armed strength as great as possible in order to be successful both in war and in peaceful negotiations.

INTERNATIONAL LAW IS A FICTION.

International law, as far as it is generally recognised, is applicable only to certain specific cases. Besides, arbitration treaties are concluded only with regard to certain closely defined eventualities. It follows that in international disputes the legal position is, as a rule, a very doubtful one. Besides, frequently such disputes do not concern questions of formal right and of law, but questions of biological and moral right, which may stand in contradiction with formal right and justice. For instance, Belgium possesses by formal right the Congo State. However, as that State does no civilising and colonising work

in that country, but only exploits it financially, it has lost the moral right to its possession. Hence the question arises whether, from a higher human point of view of justice, Belgium should be allowed to enjoy the continued possession of that State, especially as she has in no way fulfilled the international obligations regarding the Congo State which she has undertaken. Germany, on the other hand, has not sufficient colonies, and as, in consequence of the great surplus of births over deaths, she must expect to have an enormous emigration in the future, she may very well inquire whether she has not a moral right to the possession of suitable territories which are only financially exploited by other States.

As the law of humanity, the general law of Nature, which, it is true, can never be codified, stands higher than all the agreements based on formal law, it follows that international agreements have always only a limited validity. They are valid only as long as, broadly speaking, the circumstances under which they have been concluded remain unchanged. No State can be expected to risk its existence for the sake of a formal treaty to which it has been a party if it can maintain its existence in some other way. . . . Herein lies another reason for the prevailing insecurity of international law, and no further proofs are needed to show that only very few international disputes, and only quite unimportant ones, can be solved by an appeal to justice, by arbitration.

When it is impossible for contending nations to arrive at an agreement by raising the question of right, a statesman is forced to appeal to might and to endeavour to carry his purpose by throwing the power of the State into the balance. It may sound contradictory to say that, in the numerous negotiations between States, national power may peacefully be used. However, the use of power in negotiations is a fact which has always been recognised by all true statesmen.

After all, an appeal to force is not equivalent to a threat of war. In innumerable cases one can negotiate and arrive at an agreement without thinking of war. . . . Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that in all international negotiations which do not concern mutual interest the power of the negotiator is taken into consideration, although no actual demonstration of that power need take place. All negotiations of doubtful issue consist, after all, in the balancing of the power and the determination of the two opponents. It follows that the greater is the financial, military and moral force of a nation, and the more powerful are its allies and connections, the more readily will the nation with which it is negotiating make concessions.

A general world-law is as impossible as is a general and equal standard of justice. Individual and comparatively minor questions may be regulated by international law, but it is impossible to lay down a written law able to regulate all the differences between nation and nation. No nation will allow itself to be told by others whether its will to power is justified or not. Even if a written world-law should be laid down, no self-respecting nation would sacrifice to it its own opinion as to the justice of its case, unless it was ready to sacrifice its highest ideals, and to degrade itself by tolerating the injustice of seeing its own sense of right violated.

GERMANY IS PENNED UP.

Notwithstanding the existence of the Triple Alliance, Germany is in an almost unbearable position on the European Continent. We are penned up. We are surrounded by England, France and Russia—three enemies who are closely allied, and whenever we endeavour to increase our power we meet with their united and determined opposition. These three Powers have tied down Italy's forces

in the Mediterranean in such a manner that they can be only of little assistance to Germany in case of war. Only Austria-Hungary stands faithfully by our side. The three hostile Great Powers are unceasingly endeavouring to bring about the disintegration and the collapse of Turkey, and to weaken that Power to the utmost. Now, Turkey is a necessary adjunct to the Austro-German alliance. It is of the utmost importance for us to preserve Turkey and to make her powerful and efficient. This is most necessary for us both for war and peace, for military and economic reasons. The destruction or the weakening of Turkey would directly damage our position and our power on the Continent of Europe.

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE MUST BE SMASHED.

We can secure Germany's position on the Continent of Europe only if we succeed in smashing the Triple Entente and in humiliating France and giving her that position to which she is entitled, as we cannot arrive at an agreement with her for mutual co-operation.

We can enlarge our political power by joining to Germany those middle European States which are at present independent, by forming a central European union, which should be concluded not merely for the purpose of defence, but which should have the purpose of defence and offence, for promoting the interests of all its members. This object can, in all probability, be realised only after a victorious war which establishes for all time confidence in Germany's power, and makes it impossible for Germany's enemies to oppose our aims by force.

FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN DESERVE LITTLE CONSIDERATION.

It can really not reasonably be expected that Germany, with her 65,000,000 inhabitants and her world-wide trade, should allow herself to be treated on a footing of equality with France with her 40,000,000 inhabitants. It can really not be expected that Germany should allow 45,000,000 inhabitants of Great Britain (Celtic Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen side by side with Germanic Englishmen) to act as arbiters to the States of the Old World, and to exercise an absolute supremacy on the sea. It can really not be expected that Germany, with her constantly growing population, should renounce her claims to become a great Colonial Power and to acquire territories suitable for a settlement, while States with a decreasing or an insufficient population, such as France and England, share the possession of the Old World with Russia, which in the main is an Asiatic Power.

GREAT BRITAIN IS A DECLINING STATE.

It became England's task to spread European civilisation over the other Continents. That country accomplished a truly world-historic mission—on the one hand, by founding new and essentially Germanic States in North America, by subjecting India and Australia to European influence, and by effecting settlements on the coasts of East Asia; and on the other hand, by creating the framework of the modern State, by organising the world's commerce, and by giving an enormous impetus to the manufacturing

industries. By this activity England has created civilising factors which promise to be of permanent value. At the present moment it is difficult to say whether England has arrived at the zenith of her greatness. It is certain that she makes colossal exertions to maintain her predominance, and even to increase it, and she will obviously not allow herself to be deprived of her great position without a struggle.

History teaches us that the great civilised nations have always gradually declined when they had fulfilled their civilising mission, when they had reached their zenith. This is a law of Nature, and there is no reason to believe that that law will be invalid in the future.

The white population of the entire British Empire, with its colossal territories, is smaller than that of the comparatively small German Empire. It is worth noting that in the year 1911 alone 260,000 English people emigrated on balance from the United Kingdom. For 1912 the number of emigrants will probably be higher. At the same time, the excess of births over deaths in Great Britain is declining, and the female population exceeds by 1,400,000 the male. In view of these circumstances, it is clear that the number of British people does not suffice to people and exploit the enormous British possessions.

Thus the English are virtually compelled to employ foreigners. Besides, German business men are generally considered to be more reliable and painstaking than Englishmen, and German technical workers of every kind are by many more highly esteemed than their British competitors. Even in Manchester, one of the most important centres of British industry, many Germans act as technical managers, and many English business firms are directed by Germans. We Germans have no reason to thank England for being allowed to trade in her Colonies. On the contrary, the English are indebted to us, for without us Germans they would not be able to maintain their enormous commerce.

ENGLAND'S FOREIGN AND ANTI-GERMAN POLICY.

The recent political and economic progress of Germany has caused England to become our most determined enemy, for she has begun to fear that she will lose her naval supremacy and her predominance in foreign trade. England opposes Germany as an enemy in all parts of the world, and prevents her Colonial expansion, which for Germany is a question of life or death.

Messrs. Gowans and Gray, Ltd., have in preparation, and will issue next week, an English translation of a selection of the most striking passages in Treitschke's "Lectures on Politics." These famous lectures, as is now well known, were attended by great crowds when they were delivered in Berlin University; they are constantly quoted by Bernhardt, and were undoubtedly responsible for the policy of the Prussian war-party.

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An Open Letter to King Albert

SIRE,—In these hours of agony, on the morrow of the fall of Antwerp, you will not need to be told that the heart of every Briton goes out to you, your queen, and your brave people. Nor need one give you assurance that Great Britain—aye, the British Empire itself—will, under Providence, right the monstrous wrong inflicted on your country for the crime of attempting to defend what mighty neighbours had solemnly engaged themselves to preserve. Belgium has had a past as glorious as tragic; history is crimson with the horrors perpetrated by warring hordes upon her soil; but history has been outdone since Germany decided to carve her way through Liège and Namur to France. Belgium has never known a greater tragedy; Walloon and Fleming have never faced odds with greater glory and devotion; the soil of Belgium carries the imprint of the conqueror's ruthless heel; her fair cities have been laid in ruins by the infernal machines of the modern Hun; her people have been ravaged or driven, penniless outcasts, to seek asylum with those who have not yet subordinated God and Christ to inordinate ambition. The tragedy is complete, but out of it all shines, as twin stars of hope for the future, the indomitable spirit of the Belgian people and the true kingship which is worthy of their devotion. None loves his homeland better than the Belgian; none loves his independence more; and to-day there is not a son of Belgium who does not realise that homeland and independence have in you a champion who might have stepped out of the very age of chivalry. You, sire, would have provided Carlyle with an example of the Hero as King, greater in some respects, because simpler, than either Cromwell or Napoleon, and I can just imagine how in his ruggedly grand way he would have drawn a picture of you taking your stand with your soldiers in the trenches, proving yourself one of a people without ever forgetting that you were a prince, inspiring by your presence, cheering by your smile, endearing by your readiness to take every risk which they were called upon to face. What a contrast you have presented to the War Lord flitting in Imperial cars across half a continent, looking for victories which do not come, directing his hosts to sacrifice themselves in an unholy cause, full of braggadocio and the pride which the world has reason to pray will, as of old, go before the fall. Less than three months ago the world in general looked upon the Kaiser as the peace-preserving Lord of the greatest of war machines; it looked upon the King of the Belgians as an amiable young monarch whose courage might be equal to a constitutional crisis. The Kaiser was the hero; the King of the Belgians just the sovereign of a small people, interesting, art-loving, industrious, anxious only to promote and preserve their commercial prosperity. To-day the Kaiser stands before the world as a swash-buckler and a bully, all the truly heroic qualities buried

with the ruin he has wrought on innocent and un-offending people; whilst the King of the Belgians stands for the hero, the soldier sovereign, the acclaimed of all the world outside Germany as the Man and the Captain. Europe owes you and your glorious little people a debt which will have to be paid if Civilisation be the arbiter, not only by the material fine which will be imposed on Germany, but by the moral draft on the sentiment and the everlasting gratitude of France and Great Britain.

Let there be no mistake about it. Belgium, cockpit of Europe once again, has saved Europe from the most hideous of calamities—a calamity greater than this war itself can ever be. If you and your people had hesitated, Germany would have had France in the grips before Great Britain or any other could have come to her assistance. France knows that as we know it. Belgium is paying the price of her temerity, but Belgium has covered herself with laurels which will last while time lasts, and the day must come when she will reap her reward.

To some the part you have played in this awful time has occasioned surprise; gentle, liberal-minded, æsthetic, you were not expected to confront a crisis greater than any Leopold II was ever called upon to meet with the stubborn spirit looked for in him. Yet there should have been nothing surprising to those who have watched you in domestic affairs. You have never flinched from the line of duty as a constitutional monarch. You have, indeed, shown that kingly initiative is not impossible under the constitutional system, and you have even dared to refer your Ministers to your people when you thought they were acting in opposition to public opinion. Your courage in the council chamber should have prepared us for your example in the field. Most of us were under the impression that the day was past when kings would be found in the firing line; you have shown that the constitutional chief of a State can be something more than a figure-head; and in their secret hearts I venture to think there are few Germans even, assuming they have not been driven mad by the resistance gallant Belgium has put up, who would not take off their hats to you. The day when you and your people may resume their own may not be near, but resume your own you must, and that in the hour when the disciples of Blood and Iron are humbled by those you have served so nobly.

It is my privilege to subscribe myself, Sire, your humble but admiring

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

THE ACADEMY for September 12 contained a *Special Article* by ADMIRAL MAHAN of the U.S. Navy, "Sea Power and the Present War"; for September 26, "An Open Letter to the Kaiser"; for October 3, "An Open Letter to the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P."

The Little Nations

"He that despiseth small things shall perish little by little."

—ECCLESIASTICUS.

"The world owes much to little nations."

—MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

ONE of the most fascinating ways of wasting time in the laboratory when I was a schoolboy used to consist in upsetting the marvellous equipoise of the chemical balance with the smallest fragment of platinum—I forget exactly what decimal of a gramme—that we could find among the weights. Breathlessly we would watch the sensitive needle deflect along the graduated scale, and at times, I blush to recall, pennies were wagered on the number of points the index thus disturbed would cover. The memory comes back in these fateful days, every one of which brings fresh evidence that one or two of the little nations, political fractions of grammes, may in the end decide the issue of this upset of the balance of power. In our race for armaments, in our conscription or enlistment of millions, we are apt to ignore these little nations, but it is a fatal error. They are of vital importance in the hour of long-drawn battle, of stubborn advance and retreat, of tremendous antagonisms evenly matched. Evenly? Well, no; but, in view of the coming of winter, which is all on the side of the defensive, capable of prolonging the struggle for months.

The mere comparison of armaments, much less of populations, gives no clue to the probable duration of the war. Otherwise, the advantage is so immeasurably on the side of the Allies that it ought to be over before the end of the year. Even had the magnificent mobilisation and dash of the Russians not brought Austria within sight of the end, the Dual Alliance (triple in name only) can command no more than, at the outside, seven millions of fighting men as against ten millions controlled by the Allies. This estimate makes adequate allowance for those mysterious "last lines of reserves" which, on paper at any rate, satisfy German eyes as a counter to our Indian and Canadian contingents, and, on the other hand, it does not take into account Japan's army acting in the Far East. A consideration of the populations represented in this conflict shows four-fifths of Europe already embroiled, of which the Allies, with Britain overseas and Japan, stand for some 770,000,000 as against the German and Austrian total of 130,000,000. These figures are of purely academic interest and are given only to show that approximately one-half the population of the world (rather more than less) has a direct interest in the issue.

Of the remaining neutral nations of Europe, thirteen in number, six only can be regarded as possible combatants, and these are Italy, Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania and Holland, representing (with Asiatic Turkey) a population of roughly 80,000,000, or nearly two-thirds that of the enemy. That the significance of these "interested parties" is not based on their effective land and sea forces must be apparent, since one of

them at any rate would inevitably fight, if at all, on the side of the Kaiser, while the rest would almost as certainly throw in their lot with the Allies.

It is, however, increasingly evident that this war against war is being fought not only on land and sea, but also in the counting house and larder. If, therefore, we are to consider the effect of allegiance of these lesser military and naval States to one side or the other, we must waive mere calculations of war material and study the map. Holland, for instance, with a small army and no fleet to speak of, could, by joining the Allies, quickly starve Germany into submission. Italy, by no means a negligible factor on either sea or land, could free the hands of Russia from further offensive action in the Carpathians and could first hold and then destroy the Austrian fleet. The potential contribution of Turkey, whether in freeing the *Goeben* and *Breslau* for further essays in the arts of flight, or in sending an expedition to harass us in Egypt, was dealt with in a recent issue of THE ACADEMY, and the chances of Enver's party dragging his country into so forlorn an adventure have immeasurably dwindled since that article was written.

Greece and Bulgaria would, it seems, enter into the struggle only if and when Turkey came to the same decision, but signs are not wanting that Rumania will abandon her attitude of neutrality simultaneously with Italy, and, like the latter, will fight on the side of the Allies.

That such accession to the allied forces will be a bitter pill for the Kaiser no one can doubt, but he will only be paying the penalty of his persistent contempt for the "small things." He ignored Italy when he mobilised and declared war. The price of that he has yet to pay, to the full. He ignored Belgium and has paid the price in part already. His ablest general, taking his cue from his master, ignored our Expeditionary Force, and suffered grievously in consequence. The Kaiser made small beer of Japan at Port Arthur in 1895; the sequel is being played out at Kiaoutchou nearly twenty years later, the Mikado's sense of humour being apparent in the identical wording of his ultimatum with that erstwhile presented by Germany.

It is the geographical position of Germany, with no fleet in being and with the early prospect of ten millions of the enemy over her frontiers, that makes the friendship of these little peoples of paramount importance. Some oppose neutral barriers to invasion, while others offer the only remaining way of ingress for food supplies. The splendid isolation that once was Britain's boast has passed to Germany. Her only friends are those too weak to be her enemies, and she has betrayed her only ally to his ruin. A nation at war, so hated and so lonely, cannot afford to see even San Marino give its thirty square miles and its thousand soldiers to the Allies. Yet such is her arrogance that even in her dark hour she sends imperious telegrams to China. If it were not Gilbertian, it would be superb.

F. G. AFLALO.

REVIEWS

Napoleon and Bernadotte

Napoleon at Work. By COLONEL VACHÉE. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812. By EDWARD FOORD. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

Bernadotte: The First Phase, 1763-1799. By D. PLUNKET BARTON. (Murray. 15s.)

ALIKE in the occasion of their publication and the cross-lights they shed on each other, these three books are as opportune as they are valuable. The world war now being waged turns men's minds back to Napoleon and his masterly effort to command a continent; the beginning of the end was at Moscow; the actual end was on the stricken fields of Belgium. How did Napoleon work towards the great military objects he always had in view? Colonel Vachée shows him as he lived, thought, and moved, and gives us a quite remarkable insight into his methods, which he contrasts with those of Moltke in 1870. Napoleon was the greatest exemplar of Machiavelli's maxim, "Let one alone command in war; several minds weaken an army." Councils of war and a Napoleon would be about as compatible as democracy and despotism. Napoleon, whether against the Prussians or Russians at Jena, Austerlitz, or Moscow, was the one and only captain whose plans were communicated to others just so far as was necessary to enable them to execute orders. No Bernadotte or other, however great his gifts, was permitted to show his quality in any other capacity than that of executor of Napoleon's sharply defined instructions. None knows Napoleon thoroughly who has not studied Colonel Vachée's book, which has been admirably translated by Mr. G. Frederic Lees. Napoleon, like Cæsar, might have appeared an even greater figure in history if ambition had not carried him to the length it did. He knew that his tyrannous self-sufficiency bred discontent, and he warned his general officers, Bernadotte among them, to beware. "The distance from a general or a drummer boy to me is the same under certain circumstances, and if one of these circumstances presents itself I shall shoot one like the other." The effect was to drive a man like Bernadotte to Sweden to found a dynasty in circumstances as romantic as those which permitted the rise of Napoleon, and under conditions which proved more enduring. Mr. Plunket Barton has rendered real service by the production of this first phase of the life story of the Gascon lawyer's son, who rose to be a Marshal of the First Empire, was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, and in the preliminaries of the great campaign of 1812 was a thorn in Napoleon's side. Sweden allied herself with Russia, and so enabled Russia to withdraw most of her troops from Finland for service against Napoleon. Mr. Foord's account of the Russian campaign is the most complete in English; it frequently lends point

to the fighting on the Vistula to-day, where Russia, the ally of France, is crumpling up the German forces, whose forefathers helped to make Russia's victory over the French the direct means to the overthrow of Napoleon. What a reversal it was! Napoleon crossed the Vistula with some 674,000 troops, and in his retreat barely a tenth remained as an organised fighting force. For general reading Mr. Foord enters perhaps a little too fully into detail, but every soldier will want to read the book, and there is much in it that every student of history will welcome. The student, indeed, with leisure to go carefully through these three volumes is to be envied; they contribute not merely to general knowledge of the great European struggle a century ago, but enable us to appreciate and understand the characters of two men lowly born who climbed the military ladder to the occupancy of thrones.

Various Views of the War

Who is Responsible? By CLOUDESLEY BRERETON. (G. Harrap and Co. 7d. net.)

The War That Will End War. By H. G. WELLS. (Frank and Cecil Palmer. 1s. net.)

Germany's Great Lie. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. (Hutchinson and Co. 1s. net.)

Germany's Swelled Head. By EMIL REICH. (Melrose. 1s. net.)

The War and Finance. By RAYMOND RADCLIFFE. (W. Dawson and Sons, Ltd. 1s. net.)

THE steady pressure of the German army through Belgium, culminating in the fall of Antwerp, will not be all to the bad if it succeeds in making us think more seriously of a strong and purposeful enemy. Reading men will recall the lessons of history; those who have hitherto had little to do with books will turn to the many volumes now being issued in order to understand more clearly the general situation. Of these, one of the best yet to hand is Mr. Cloudesley Brereton's little treatise. It is written without any hysterical fervour, but it is clear, decisive, and finely reasoned. The author, after discussing the position and the events which led up to it, points out the great delusion under which Germany has suffered for many years—the solid belief that she is *the* civilised nation of Europe, the blindness to criticism, the "bee-like servitude" of her people, the personal aggrandisement of the Emperor. He emphasises the splendid unity of our Press, religious and secular, and indicates the error of the various Peace Societies in concentrating unduly on the "brotherhood of Man" idea, and ignoring the vital fact of nationality. Mr. Brereton's book, though small and inexpensive, is one of the important issues of the season, and summarises most accurately the actual and the ethical values of the conflict.

Mr. Wells is more confident than we are that this war is "the last"; but if we cannot see with him in this respect, we can admit the sterling worth of his

own view of the battlefield and its consequences. In his peculiarly vivid way he sums up the German system. "Life was drilled and darkened"—in that brilliant phrase he touches the spreading evil. He appeals to every thinking man, and insists on the fact that every one of us is immediately concerned in the pursuance of this war that peace may eventually come. He writes of many aspects, from the food supply to the fear of Russia, and on them all he has something sensible to say. For common sense and clarity this book is hard to beat.

In ordinary type, Mr. Sladen gives the text of the official book circulated by the German authorities in the United States to turn America against England and the Allies; in italics interspersed, he criticises each high-flown statement, each specious comment. It is a work of clever dissection and correction, and was well worth doing. The whole purpose of the German book is to deceive; Mr. Sladen proves this, and exposes it in a masterly manner.

The late Dr. Emil Reich—who, by the way, was a Hungarian—for many years identified himself with British interests. His book received scarcely any notice when it was published in 1907, but it was prophetic, and its re-issue, with irrelevant matter omitted, is timely. He summarises the pretensions of Germany, and gives full information of the activities of the German authorities. To take one instance: In 1906-7 the Navy League of German Women held nearly 2,000 public meetings; 600,000 copies of a naval handbook were sold at cost price; thousands of pamphlets were distributed to teachers and children, and excursions for schools were often arranged to Kiel with the special object of showing the fleet to the boys. Had we been half as thorough with our Army and Navy, the war might have been over by now. Dr. Reich's book should be widely read, for it holds many lessons for Englishmen at the present crisis, and its style is a model of clearness.

Our readers will not need to be told that Mr. Raymond Radclyffe looks upon financial matters very doubtfully at present. Savings are locked up; securities cannot be disposed of; money must be found for the war; the rich man is little better off than the poor man; the Government's declaration of a moratorium was all wrong, and so was the closing of the Stock Exchange. Such is Mr. Radclyffe's point of view, and we must leave it to experts to thrash the matter out, taking comfort from the fact that all experts are not quite so pessimistic.

We have also received the "A B C Guide to the War," by Edmund B. D'Auvergne, published by T. Werner Laurie at 1s., a compact encyclopædia of the countries, armies, and personages concerned; and the "'Daily Chronicle' War Book," with maps and diagrams, published by Hodder and Stoughton at 1s., a popular narrative of events which led to the struggle, a description of the various Powers engaged, and an estimate of the results. Both these books will be found extremely handy for reference upon many points.

The Martyred Nation

OUT of the deafening boom and crash, out of the stifling reek

Above the shouting of valiant men and the heart-drawn moans of the weak,

Over the press of a conquering host and over the battle-cries,

Hear ye the voice of Belgium floating toward the skies:

"What was the charge against me? What had I done amiss

That the dastardly Hun should visit me with a penalty great as this?

Blasting me off creation! Stripping my flesh and bone!

I had no lot in his quarrel, I did but defend mine own."

Over the thundering cannon's roar, over the trumpet's blare,

Over the smash of falling stone and the lurid, leaping glare,

Over the pant of madden'd men and the scream of hurtling shell,

Hear ye the voice of England, clear as a twilight bell:

"Oh! lion-hearted nation, bravest of all the braves,

For your splendid sake my stalwart sons are speeding across the waves;

So set your teeth in your travail, Fleming and bold Walloon;

I will place you back in your olden state, I will see you righted soon."

Over the earth's wide surface in every human heart
There's a throb for the stricken nation that so gallantly played her part,

That suffered hell's keenest torture, yet fell with her flag unfurl'd.

But hark to that rising murmur, the voice of the outer world:

"Death to the fell destroyer! Down with the lustful Hun!

England, mother of pity, see that the work is done.
See that this martyred nation lives through the night of pain

To rise, avenged, in the morning and come to her own again."

W. H. GADSDON.

Professor J. W. Gregory, who occupies the Chair of Geology at Glasgow University, has written a popular book on his own subject, which will be issued shortly by Messrs. Seeley under the title of "Geology of To-day."

Soldiers and fighting are the most engrossing topics of the moment. Any military book for boys, therefore, is sure of a hearty welcome. Major Alan Boissragon, of the Royal Irish Regiment, has just written such a book, which will be entitled "Jack Scarlett, Sandhurst Cadet."

Impressions of London in War Time

BY A COUNTRY WOMAN

TO those who live in the provinces the thought of London brings a thrill in these times of tension. It is the brain of our Empire, whose members are all engaged in carrying out its behests; it is the pivot on which the affairs of the world are turning, the centre of energy with which we in the country desire to be in closer contact, as we realise our limitations in regard to news and opportunity and the sights of war.

Therefore, it was with a sense of disappointment that we found London in war-time outwardly so little different from the city of peaceful days, until we realised that this very continuity of its usual existence and appearance is a manifestation of the power that is working through councils and armies to bring peace out of this lamentable war, the while it preserves prosperity and quietness and the sense of security.

The first impression of its streets was perfectly normal; everywhere men and women went on their way cheerful and confident; 'buses were full; shops had their usual quota of customers; theatres and picture galleries were open; the autumn sun shone, and the individual noises of London merged into that half-tone surge of sound of which the country person is conscious above all other impressions. But soon details detached themselves from the general mass. One became conscious of unusual colours. Knots of men in khaki were everywhere, in the stations, in the City and the West; taxis flew flags and bore legends in red and blue; blotches of black or purple met the eye; scarlet crosses stood out on lorries piled high with brand-new wooden cases, or on vans that were hurrying through the streets. Shop windows took on an unfamiliar character. In districts usually consecrated to satins or jewellery were displays of hospital equipment; Army blankets usurped the place of Persian rugs; uniforms excluded the heather tweeds of other seasons; women's shops were gay with the colours of the Allies. Passers-by wore enamel badges of innumerable devices and lettering. A great store in the West showed a continuous line of war pictures, drawing the gaze like a magnet; whole windows were devoted to displays of kit and comforts for the soldiers. As we proceeded West, indications grew clearer, until in the parks we realised the presence and the power of war. Flower beds were still ablaze with colour; golden leaves of autumn fluttered to earth in Danæ showers; but chairs and paths were empty, save for a few nursemaids and babies airing. Only the great central spaces were tenanted, as never before. Tents and tethered horses and scattered men spoke of camps, at the moment dispersed on the business of training. At one corner a peace promoter was haranguing a contemptuous group of loafers; hoarse calls came intermittently from the direction of a company of men drilling at some distance; beyond were more horses, more men, and big marquees used as recruiting stations or recreation rooms for the camps. Here was the business of war.

Buckingham Palace shone white in the October sun; masses of geraniums around the great Queen's monument glowed crimson as the spirit of war; there was a thrill in the air of the expectant crowd waiting for the changing of the guard; while the rumour spread that the King might drive out at any minute; he was now in consultation with his Ministers. Here was the London of our provincial dreams. On the wings of the moment this impression materialised. Officials bustled to and fro; a detachment of Scottish troops marched by with unerring precision and ring of steps, amid a silence more intense than cheering; from Westminster came the stirring sound of a military band, which resolved itself into the Grenadier Guards, in all their panoply of gold and black and scarlet, brave in the brilliant sunshine. With the pomp and ritual that endears militarism to all of us, the guard was changed; the band formed up in the Palace Yard, then broke off to play to the one behind those silent windows; officers marched to and fro, their naked swords gleaming in the sun. We were in the presence of the pomp, the colour, and majesty of war.

Other impressions followed. The company lately drilling in the park disbanded, formed fours, and passed us at the cross-roads. Some were in khaki, but the majority wore civilian clothes, and lacked entirely the smartness and ease of the practised soldier. On and on they marched to the roll of the drum, that sound which brings a sob to the throat—an endless and motley procession. Mere boys and callow youths, white-faced and thin, marched with stalwart men of resolute bearing—Kitchener's Army, drawn from everywhere, now in training, and destined for what? Such sights move the mother spirit to helpless rage at the cruelty and cost of war.

London as a refuge! In all this terrible struggle we only live in the shadow of the grim reality; but, if the shadow can be so dark and painful, what must the real anguish be? It is open to all to visit the Central Building at Aldwych, where the refugees from France and Belgium arrive from the stations, are registered, and allocated to the refuges provided for them; to talk with the destitute victims of the German holocaust, and to gain some idea of the strength and fierce brutality of the force we have set out to crush. It is good to do so, to meet these people face to face, to give them sympathy and help and practical relief, but, above all, to understand the nature of the struggle in which we are engaged, and to strengthen our resolve that, cost what it may, in gold or blood or the anguish of wrung hearts, we will prosecute the war till the Germans are rendered incapable of ever reviving the spirit of pride and bombast and vindictive cruelty. Our final impression was of the resource of London. The great refuges, the drill-halls of the new army, show its power of organisation in different directions, and amid all the wreckage of civilisation with which the world is at the moment strewn we cling to the thought that England is still, as she ever has been, the maker of history and the upholder of right.

The Theatre

"Sir Richard's Biography"

NO one shall complain that during the horrors of war the theatres have not done everything in their power to offer us a chance of mental recuperation. Mr. Asche gives us of his best in barbaric excitement, and at the Criterion Theatre Miss Mary Moore engages our interest with the most delicate and sensitive comedy.

Mr. Wilfred Coleby's three-act play is delightful by reason of its easy wit, unforced dialogue, and admirable acting. Miss Moore's picture of the charming, egoistic, lively widow of Sir Richard Vyse is an accomplished and diverting piece of work. The little plot which wanders about this lady's fortune does not matter much; it is her character, her manner, her acute satire on a well-known worldly type of woman that makes the whole play so welcome. She is splendidly supported by Mr. Eric Lewis as a famous medical man on the retired list, Miss Marie Hemingway as the sly, engaging secretary, and Mr. Edward Rigby as a wise and amusing gardener—who is the only person in the world who can manage Lady Vyse—and many others. The play is produced by Sir Charles Wyndham with excellent effect, and on these dark nights we know of no brighter or more agreeable entertainment than "Sir Richard's Biography," at which one can forget for a few hours the facts of life in an atmosphere of happily inspired comedy.

EGAN MEW.

International Society of Painters

ART provides a haven for the mind from the distresses of an unkindly world. Never has this been more clearly exemplified than in the present exhibition of the Internationals at the Grosvenor Galleries. The exhibition is true to its level of excellence and modernity, without presenting too many of the problems that often accompany picture shows. All the pictures are good, and the majority are extremely interesting.

Two artists stand out strongly by the excellence of their work and the pleasure they afford, for just now the critical faculty is subordinate to the emotional. They are Friezeke and Philip Connard. The former is responsible for three pictures; the most striking and representative of the trio meets one on entering the Large Gallery—the "Heure du Thé," redolent of sunshine and gaiety, a triumph of luminous colour, refinement, and atmosphere. Philip Connard has five pictures. No. 10 has been purchased by the directors of the gallery for the Tate. This little group alone is worth a visit to the exhibition; it is a masterpiece of sureness, ease, and dexterity of touch, full of that light which is such a feature of Connard's work. The same quality invests his other pictures.

There are fine portraits by M. E. Blanche, Nichol-

son, Harrington Mann, Hugh Blaker, and de la Gandara.

Individual pictures of interest are "The Apache" (Glyn Philpot), a powerful and haunting study of one phase of humanity in which we are now unusually interested—naked strength and brutality; "L'Intrigue" (Gaston la Touche), which touches the other extreme of society, brilliant, exotic, artificial as the lights that encircle it, but a fine piece of decoration; a charming little study, by C. H. Burleigh, of cold sunlight and rhododendrons in spring, entitled "A South Window"; an archaic group by Strang ("The Flower Nymph"), more mellow in tone than much of his recent work, the individual figures seriously reminiscent of several Florentine masters.

Water-colours and etchings are well represented in the smaller gallery, the former being unusually good. Among others, Alfred Hayward has an interesting group. Bruckmann's subjects add value to his attainment, Louvain and Aerschot and other doomed towns being there immortalised.

In the corridor hangs the beautiful tapestry worked by Leo Belmonte from Edmund Dulac's design of Circe. There is a lovely little exhibit of jewellery by Paul Cooper in one of the rooms, in which the goldsmith's art is carried to its highest point of decoration. No visitor should leave the galleries without inspecting the pictures purchased for the Tate from the money raised by last year's loan exhibition. All are fine works by men of distinction, notably Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell; a man's figure, by Ambrose McEvoy, which won renown at the time of its exhibition, and well repays further attention; Lavery's Madame Pavlova in her celebrated pose in the Mort du Cygne; and others. In short, the exhibition now open in Bond Street appeals on account both of intrinsic beauty and merit.

Fiction

THE South American States have now become the field for the romancer who endeavours to ape, more or less successfully, those delightful, but ephemeral, stories of the Ruritanians. In the present instance the vaunted Monroe Doctrine evidently does not apply, for the author, Mr. H. F. Prevost, boldly transports to his own continent a style of story telling which we, Old Worlders as we are, presumptuously considered to be an asset most particularly our own. The author of "The Lure of Romance" (John Lane, 6s.), finding no romance in sky-scrapers, oil trusts, or Tammany, boldly goes farther afield, and annexes one or another of those Southern Republics which are the bane of every diplomatist and usually a curse unto themselves, and endows it with all the prettiness of decadent Europe, combined with the cut-throat methods of the degenerate descendants of the followers of Cortez and Pizarro. Nevertheless, the author tells a fine story—if only it could have happened.

"Academy" War Acrostics

CONDITIONS

THERE will be Six weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £3, £2, and £1 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Wednesday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY. **Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.**

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Fifth of the War Series)

Floating dangers, ever shifting,
Fraught with deadly menace, drifting!
In the name of "Culture," say,
Are these methods "war" to-day?
Are they souls of men uplifting?

- (1) Fanatic intemperate! surely we've got
Amongst us some German ones, here, on the spot;
And I think you'll agree—if you don't, then why not?—
That the best thing to do is to banish the lot!
- (2) If we chance to meet reverses,
Face them bravely, not with curses;
What, in short, we're getting at is
That's the thing to do now, that is.
- (3) Should One of These on this presume
To flout the world, It seals Its doom.
- (4) "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit
before a fall."
"Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can
render a reason."
- (5) "A place in the sun!" was the cry of the Hun,
But he meant to be Monarch of this,
Of sea, and of air, and of everywhere!
But his plans have gone somewhat amiss.
- (6) A mollusc, thin though be its shell,
Gains some protection; and 'tis well
That Brussels has a Burgomaster
Who, shell-like, saves it from disaster.
But if of him, at last, bereft,
There's not much of the mollusc left.
- (7) One way to mend Kluck's broken wing
Would be to find new feathering.
- (8) A child of Night, who won't forget
To make the Kaiser pay his debt.

E. N.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Fourth of the War Series)

Two words that point to strawberry leaves,
And rasp: are here revealed;
United, they disclose a branch
Of service in the field.

- (1) Protection! in every one's mouth 'tis to-day,
Where speakers are winning recruits all the way!
And there's spouting about it in humble homesteads,
Though perhaps it's a matter that's over their heads.
- (2) If such a foe's sheet anchor falls
Beside your ship, look out for squalls!
Too much of it might p'raps disable,
So save yourself, and cut the cable.
- (3) Half-splintered shell, that gives us "hell"—
We put it bluntly—and there's found,
On bursting it, what (save the wit!)
Gives quite a military sound.
- (4) Algerian and artisan,
And also French-trained soldier man.
One light is reversed.

- (1) R oo F
- (2) A lpm I Impl (cable) reversed
- (3) N utshel L
- (4) K abyl E

Notes.—Proem. The ducal coronet is composed of a circle of gold, with eight strawberry or parsley leaves of equal height above the rim.

No. 3. "Nutshell," splintered in half, gives us "hell." It contains a kernel, suggesting the sound of Colonel (save the wit!).

No. 4. A member of an Algerian tribe. The French, in whose territory they now lie, find them active soldiers and artisans.

Solutions to No. 3 ("Loyal India") were received from Anvil, Bill, Bor, Chutney, Foncet, Geomat, Glenshee, Kamsin, Ko, F. C. Moore, Nelisha, Nemo, Ocol, Sadykins, Sajoth, Sutton, W. J. Tiltman, Morgan Watkins, Wilbro, Wrekin, and Zeta.

MOTORING

IT is probable that many of those who are closely following the developments of the European position, and endeavouring to estimate their influence upon the final issue of the war, are ignoring, or at least underestimating, the vitally important part likely to be played by petrol in the solution; that is to say, should the war prove to be of long duration. A little reflection, however, will convince anyone that whichever combatant fails first in its motor spirit supply will be placed at an immense and paralysing disadvantage, and it is reassuring to know that that combatant will, in all probability, be Germany. Those who doubt this should peruse an article which appeared in *The Autocar* of September 26, the writer of which goes thoroughly and authoritatively into the whole question. His conclusion is that, whereas Germany is much nearer a serious motor-spirit famine than is generally imagined, there is no likelihood of any shortage so far as we are concerned, no matter how long the war may last. In support of this opinion, he points out that Germany, which, like ourselves, has always been dependent upon foreign sources of supply for its petrol, has already all these sources closed against her, whereas, with the exception of Galicia, every source is as freely open to this country as ever, and will remain so as long as we retain command of the seas. This question is another of those important issues upon which Germany made serious miscalculations. No doubt she realised that for some time after the outbreak of hostilities the producing fields of America, Russia, and the Indies would be closed against her, but she certainly expected supplies from Galicia and Roumania—sources which would not necessitate sea transport—and it was with this objective that she constructed interior waterways connecting her with those oil-producing countries. But, unfortunately for her, the war broke out just a little too early to allow of the final completion of these waterways—and Russia is in Galicia. Germany is therefore entirely dependent for the maintenance of her motor transport upon the stocks of motor spirit actually within her borders, and everything depends upon how soon these may be depleted. No doubt she

laid in big stores in anticipation of the war, but in view of the enormous consumption necessitated by every day's operations, their exhaustion can only be a matter of a comparatively short time. When that happens the issue of the war will not much longer be in doubt. During the past few weeks there appears to have been a distinct revival of motoring in all parts of the country. The records kept by the Automobile Association show that in one week over 100 members applied at the London headquarters for free legal defence against charges under the Motor Car Acts—a fact which shows not only that the British motorist is using his car on the road as usual, but also that "traps" are still in evidence. The past four weeks have witnessed an increase in the applications for A.A. membership, and notwithstanding the large number of patrols who have joined the Forces, the road patrol organisation is still efficiently maintained.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE fall of Antwerp has had a very bad effect upon the markets. Last week there were a few people who still had courage to buy shares. There are always bargain hunters whose greed is stronger than their discretion. But the collapse of the Belgians has made people think. The newspapers are all telling us that there is nothing to worry about, but the City does not agree. It does not understand why the French were unable to relieve the city, and it considers that the attempt to outflank the Germans is now useless as the holding of Antwerp is in itself an outflanking movement on the part of the Germans. We must now wait for good news, and let us hope that it will not be long in coming.

The bitter feeling against German firms in the City continues to grow, and almost everybody is asking why Sir Edgar Speyer notifies that he has resigned from the New York house but does not notify that he has no longer any connection with the Frankfort firm. The partnership arrangements between the three firms of London, Frankfort and New York are, of course, private property, but it is perfectly clear that Eduard Beit von Speyer is a partner in all three firms, that James Speyer is also a partner in the three houses, and that Sir Edgar Speyer, although he leaves New York, openly states that he intends to return when the war is over.

That the position and business arrangements of all the German houses in London should be examined goes without saying. For example, Speyers control the London General Omnibus Company, who have sent five hundred motor 'buses to the front and five hundred drivers. It is not seemly that a German house should supply both men and transport to a British Army. I will not put it any stronger than that. I again desire to call attention to the anomalous position of the Swiss Bank. There is not the smallest doubt that this great institution is closely connected with most important German interests. The managers are not English, and as their whole sympathies must lie in the direction from which the profit comes; the Swiss Bank should certainly prove its neutrality by allowing Sir William Plender to examine its books.

There are about four hundred anglicised Germans on the London Stock Exchange. Some of these are notoriously disloyal, and do not hesitate to express the hope that Germany will be victorious. All such gentlemen should be asked to leave the Stock Exchange. There are, of course, many naturalised Germans in London who have lived here for a quarter of a century, and whose whole interests are bound up with Great Britain. They are quite safe and need not be disturbed. But there are a large majority of Anglo-German members in the House who have simply come over here to make money and return to their Fatherland.

This is not perhaps the moment to bring out a National War Loan. But it is necessary to warn the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he cannot go on issuing short-dated bills. The revenue of the country is falling away fast, and

the expenses are increasing. In a crisis like the present the short-dated bill is a most dangerous form of finance. We shall be ten times less able to borrow money cheaply in six months' time than we are to-day. Therefore every new issue of Exchequer Bills is merely another stone round the neck of the unfortunate taxpayer. The public must not be taken with the idea that the Government is able to borrow money at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It can only do this by promising to repay the amount in six months' time. When these bills come to be renewed the bankers and moneylenders will ask a much higher rate. It will be remembered that in the Transvaal War Exchequer Bills were sold to pay 5 per cent.

London and South Western Railway offered 1,000,000 5 per cent. Preference stock redeemable in 1924. Messrs. Boulton Brothers made the issue, and sold the stock at £99 15s. This is a trustee security, and therefore looks very cheap. It was greedily subscribed by the public; but we must not forget that the South Western Railway will have to spend a very large sum of money on its electrification, and we may expect one or two more offers of a similar character. Some critics have declared that the railway company is paying too much, but these gentlemen seem to forget that the money is urgently needed, and that in these days no one will lend under 5 per cent. The present price of Trustee securities has been fixed by the Stock Exchange, and is no guide at all.

Leach's Argentine Estates report is just what we all expected. Argentine is in a bad way, and the board is careful to conserve such resources as it possesses. Parsons Marine Steam Turbine has once again had a splendid year. After setting aside £14,608 for experimental work there is £42,723 profit in hand, consequently the dividend is raised from 15 to 20 per cent. Those who went into the Parsons Turbine in the early days have made a small fortune. Their courage deserved reward, for as a rule patents are a very unsatisfactory investment; but Sir Charles Parsons is a genius. The company is full of work, and the shares are an admirable investment. Dick, Kerr and Company have improved their profits, the earnings being £44,761, but the commitments of the company are very heavy, and the preference shareholders are asked to authorise an increase in the debenture debt. I do not see how they can possibly refuse. No dividend is paid on the ordinary, and the financial condition of the concern is definitely precarious.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"JOURNALESE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The present foreign complications offer the usual chance to hack journalists for airing their smattering of French and other names and phrases, which in at least fifty per cent. of cases are either misspelt or incorrectly used.

Thus redundant letters are added to *Reims*, *Gent*, *Cöblenz*, *Brandenburg*, *Mecklenburg*, *Nürnberg*, *Prag*, *Pest*, *Bern*, (and of course *Brussel*, *Lyon* and *Marseille*), while *Hannover*, *Württemberg*, *Strassburg* are unduly shortened. "French" spellings are preferred for places in Flemish Belgium, Holland and Germany, such as *Bruges* for *Brugge* (Eng. *Brug*), *Meuse* for *Maas*, "*Leyden*" for *Leiden*, "*Hague*" for *Haag* (the real French is *La Haye*), *Aix-la-Chapelle* for *Aachen*, *Thionville* for *Diedenhofen*, while *Basel* (Fr. *Bâle*) appears as "*Basle*"—there would be no objection to this if anglicized and pronounced *bay-sle*—*Schelde* as "*Scheldt*"

(like "*veldt*" for *veld*), *Liège* as "*Liège*," and *Mâcon* as "*Maçon*." Careless misprints like *Criel* for *Creil*, *Lalhen* for *Laeken*, *encieinte* for *enceinte*, are legion. We find "*a*" *Uhlan* for an *Uhlen* just as in the Boer war it was "*a*" *Uitlander*—how much better the plain English *Outlander*!

Surely, too, it is now time to naturalize the established nouns *debris*, *détour*, *dépot*—especially as the ordinary spelling "*dépot*" is neither English nor French—also *role* (better *roll*), *chancellery* (better *chancery*), *recounter*, *ren-counter*, *annex*, *impass*, *approachment*, *accouchment*, *naïvely*, *garage*, *entourage*, *cortège*, *clientele*, *blond*, *comradery*, *regime*, *resume*, in mass, in block, on route; while the idiotic "*on the carpet*," "*goes without saying*" should be replaced by *on the table*, *it needs no saying* or *it is self-evident*. Let us also write *sharpshooters* or *freeshooters* for *francstireurs* (journalese "*franc-tireurs*"), *burger* and *burgermaster*, *personal* and *material* as substantives, *moral*, better still *mettle* or *fettle*, for the absurd "*morale*" (which in French has a totally different meaning, viz. *ethics*), and *message* or *dispatch* for *communiqué*—which usually appears as "*communiqué*." There is no such word in French as "*vacquet*," which our scribes write as looking so much more genteel than *vaquet*, the proper form being *vaquette*; "*reveillé*" should be *réveil*, also *malström*, *kozak*, *ukaz*, *rubl*, *Krüger*, *Blücher*, *Münchhausen*.

The confusion is naturally worse confounded in words from farther east. If we write *Serb* why not *Serbia* (the correct spelling is *Srbija*)? "*Belgrade*" should be *Beograd*, "*Bucharest*" *București*. "*Lybia*" *Bosphorous* (sic), *Ægean*, *Piræus* should be *Libya* *Bosporus*, *Ægean*, *Portæus*. And surely we might now be consistent in the orthography of Indian names, as *sardâr*, *darbâr*, *mahârâjâ*, *bigam*, *paraiyar*, *Panjâb*, *Maisur*, *Lakhnau*, *Kânhpur*, except perhaps in words like *Bombay*, *Madras*, which are hopelessly anglicized. There is no excuse for "*llama*" (Peruvian sheep) for *lama* (Tibetan priest).

We constantly meet hack phrases which are used in nauseating iteration, such as "*in touch*," "*turned turtle*," to the total exclusion of *in communication*, *capsize*, "*steam roller*," "*Tommies*" (used also of Belgians, though it would be so interesting to hear the native petname), "*into the sea*," and reference to the enemy as "*he*" and "*his*" though the plural pronoun is employed in other such cases, as *government*, *army*, etc. *Infinitely*, *tremendously*, are used in the sense of *immensely* or *vastly*. The rather silly designation *private* might be replaced by *trooper*, and *husar* spelt in this, the correct, form, especially as it better indicates the sound both in quality and accent. The Spanish for *skirmish* and *skirmisher* is *guerrilla*, *guerrillero*, and *bravo* when applied to a feminine becomes *brava* as *brava Russia*. *Italia irredenta* is in Latin *irredempta*.

If journalists would take half the pains to use, or introduce, simple idiomatic English expressions, or, if they must employ foreign words, to write them correctly, that they do in following the current affectation of the time being, without regard to consistency, our newspapers would be much less irritating to those who value the purity of our mother-tongue. I am, Sir, respectfully,

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

32 Stanwick Mansions, West Kensington,
September 14, 1914.

A REPLY TO "QUERIST."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The line quoted by your correspondent "*Querist*" on page 371 of THE ACADEMY, of October 10, comes from

Matthew Arnold's poem "To Marguerite" published in the Golden Treasury Series, page 134.

i.e. "We mortal millions live alone." Yours &c.

E. HELEN (MRS.) WADDY.

Replies to "Querist" have also been received from Mr. Wilfred Dale and other correspondents.—ED.]

A QUARREL ABOUT A WORD.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I beg to submit to you the following conversation:

A TRADESMAN: I am of opinion that these foreign goods should be *replaced* on the English market.

A GRAMMARIAN: Nonsense! On the contrary, I think that they should be *superseded* by English goods on the English market.

A TRADESMAN: But that is exactly what I mean.

A GRAMMARIAN: I beg your pardon. Your sentence meant quite the reverse of what you said. To *replace* means *replacer*, to *put back*. Now to *replace* on a market goods that have been ejected from that market, means to *put back* these very goods on the market from which they were ejected. Another instance: King E*** is the only person that can be *replaced* on the throne of Portugal: if any other sovereign ever takes his place, that other sovereign will *supersede* King E*** (*remplacera le roi E.*), but will not *replace* him (*mais ne le remplacera pas sur le trône*).

A TRADESMAN: But I can quote many authorities who treat *replace* and *supersede* as synonymous words.

A GRAMMARIAN: I know that you can do so; but I submit very humbly, and very firmly at the same time, that those who think like you are *not* in the right. I am of the opinion of Hodgson, Macaulay and of other authorities who hold that there is a very great difference between these two words. One example out of many:

"I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days *supersede* the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies."—Macaulay's letter page 621.

In public libraries in England, the difference between *remplacer* and *replacer* is very clear: if you have soiled or damaged a book, you are expected by the librarian to *substitute* another for it, to *supersede* it, or to make good the cost thereof; but when you have read a periodical, you are requested to *replace* it on the stand.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61 Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Man with the Mirror. By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

California. Painted by Sutton Palmer. Described by Mary Austin. (A. and C. Black. 18s. net.)

The Pan-Angles. By Sinclair Kennedy. (Longmans, Green and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Our Duty and Our Interest in the War. By G. W. Prothero. (John Murray. 2d.)

Northampton Public Library: Catalogue of Music, including Biographies of Musicians. By Reginald W. Brown, F.L.A., Chief Librarian. (Lea and Co., Northampton. 2d.)

London Matriculation Directory. (University Tutorial Press, Ltd. 1s. net.)

Some Slings and Arrows from John Galsworthy. Selected by Elsie E. Morton. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

A Conversational Tour in America. By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Anticipations. By H. G. Wells. New Edition. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. net.)

The Social Worker and Modern Charity. By W. Foss and J. West. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

Wireless Telegraphy. By A. B. Rolfe-Martin, B.Sc. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

France. By Gordon Home. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 10s. net.)

Austria-Hungary. By G. E. Mitton. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 10s. net.)

FICTION.

The Duke's Twins. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Pink Lotus. By May Crommelin. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Old Wives for New. By David Graham Phillips. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. Illustrated. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 1s. net.)

The Victim. By Thomas Dixon. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

The Revolt of the Angels. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. (John Lane. 6s.)

POETRY.

Battle Songs. Chosen by E. Nesbit. (Max Goschen. 1s. net.)

A Prelude in Verse. By Marion Durst. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By E. Scotton Huelin. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Sailor Town: Sea Songs and Ballads. By C. Fox-Smith. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

The Dim Divine. By E. Richardson. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

The Voice of Peace. By Gilbert Thomas. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)

New Beginnings. By Douglas Cole. (B. H. Blackwall, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)

Oxford Poetry, 1914. With Preface by Sir Walter Raleigh. (B. H. Blackwell. 1s. net.)

EDUCATIONAL.

Junior Regional Geography: The Americas. By J. B. Reynolds. (A. & C. Black. 1s. 4d.)

Outlines of Physical Geography. By H. Clive Barnard. (A. & C. Black. 1s. 6d.)

A Short British History. Period I to Elizabeth, 1603. By W. S. Robinson, M.A. (Rivingtons. 1s. 4d.)

Preliminary History of England. By M. K. Elliott and M. S. Elliott, B.A. (University Tutorial Press. 2s.)

National University of Ireland: Calendar for 1914. Dublin.

PERIODICALS.

Scottish Historical Review; Bird Notes and News; Asiatic Review; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Literary Digest, New York; The Phoenix; The Crucible; Land and Water.

BOOKS WANTED.

BARTHOLOMEW'S ATLAS OF WORLD'S COMMERCE (Newnes).

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FOOTBALL—Association.—W. L. Timmis, Secretary of the Corinthians Football Club.

GOLF.—James Braid, Open Champion (1901-5-6-8-10).

MOTORING.—H. Walter Stanier, Editor of "The Autocar."

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